

# Silver Sadness

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“You know what, that’s it, I need a break,” Monica said, frustrated. I didn’t want the fight to keep going either. Monica let herself out, storming down my front steps, the crisp air nipping at her face. One single tear, trickling down her red cheek. I watched as she left, following her with my gaze, apologizing in my mind.

All caught up in the confusion of things and sadness starting to take over, Monica launched herself off the curb into the street, not caring to “look both ways” as your parents always told you. She let out a faint cry. Her last cry. Her last cry before a blur of silver on wheels rushed by propelling her forward over the hood.

“No!” I screamed in horror. I sprinted out of her house; not caring that I was wearing just a T-shirt in the dead of winter. All that was on my mind was my best friend, Monica. I looked at her face, which starting to pale over – her lips turning blue. Turning blue because there was no longer blood to fill them. No blood to make the pink to brighten her once cheery smile. That blood was on the street gushing from the back of her head. “Curse you! CURSE YOU!!!!” I yelled to the car on the verge of tears. The car kept driving; a hit and run. I whipped out my cell-phone and dialed 911 as an oncoming car screeched to a halt to see what was the matter and if they could help. “991, hello?”... “Yes, my friend just got hit by a car” I stuttered between tears. “I don’t know.”... “Ok, thank you.” And the conversation

was over. Help was on its way. I knelt over Monica's body, praying to God for help. Praying to God she'd be ok, that she wouldn't have to slip away.

By now, the paramedics had come and the police were trying to catch the silver car.

"I'm sorry sweetie," the paramedic said, slowly getting up from examining Monica's body. "But..."

"No, no, she's not dead," I yelled, shaking the women's shoulders. "No, she can't be! No, no, no..." I repeated until it became a whimpering whisper muffled by my hands, covering my tear-stained face. "If only," I began to say. "If only I had known that this was going to happen, I would have taken everything back. Every word. But now she's dead. She died thinking I was mad at her. She died without an apology from me. An apology she needed." I sat there crying, remembering how many times I had crossed that road. We had crossed it together, crossed it to get to each other. It had always made us happy to cross it because it had meant that we had been together or we were on their way to. We had always felt happy... except this time. The last time.

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A stressful 20 minutes later, we were at the hospital. Me, the doctors, and my dying friend. They rushed her into a room on a stretcher, and I quickly skittered after. SLAM! The door shut in my face. "No!" I yelled. "You have to let me in. I need to be with my friend. I need to see her." I pounded on the door until I figured there was just n use trying so I took a seat in a chair outside the room. I think the chair was supposed to be comfy but I couldn't

stay still. I was sad, angry, confused, desperate, and overwhelmed. I decided to pace. I started taking a few steps left of the doorway and then right. Left, right. Left, right. I paced and pondered until I could no longer support my body. I collapsed into the not-so-comfy chair and sobbed. I sobbed for what seemed a very long time. I tried to shut out the beeping and talking coming from inside Monica's chamber. I tried to shut out the rushing doctors and the slamming of doors. I couldn't help but wonder if she was dead or what would happen to her. I wondered if my world would come to an end that night.

I was disturbed from my train of thought, sobs, and worries by a gentle hand on my shoulder. I whipped my head around exposing my tear stained face and pink, burning eyes. It was one of the doctors who had rushed Monica and her stretcher into that room I was banned from.

"Excuse me but are you the friend of the girl in there?" he said pointing at the room.

"Yes," I sniffled.

"Well, we tried our best but I'm afraid she is stuck in a coma, possibly for the rest of her life. Her skull got cracked and many of her ribs were broken. She either lies there living off a machine or someone pulls the plug. Do you know how to get a hold of her parent or guardian?"

"Can I go see her?"

"Can you please answer my question? This is very important."

"So is she to me!" I hollered back.

“Look, I’m very sorry, we tried everything we could. Now can you please answer me?  
Can you get a hold of either her parents or guardians?”

I stared at him for a few minutes, thinking how much I already despised this man. Then I thought about Monica’s parents. Her dad had been in and out of jail for the past year for drug dealing and addiction and her alcoholic mom was crazy enough to keep him. I don’t want them deciding my best friend’s fate. She spent more time at my house than hers and I probably knew more about her than both her parents combined. Now, I just need to come up with a way to make so I get to decide.